# BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XIV.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1897.

NUMBER 16.

#### IRRIGATION.

It's Effect on the Value of Land. It's Cost Per Acre in Other States. Era Under Irrigation.



S Barton county will within the next ix months be the panner county of he state as far as irrigation is concerned the follow ing facts and figures as shown by the census of 1890. The article is taken

from the Kansas City Star which paper, by the way, is taking the proper stand on irrigation for Kansas, even though it may be off on the financial ques-

In the census of 1890 only eleven states figured on the list of those employing irrigation and Kansas was not among them. Should a census be carefully taken now the number of states would be nearly doubled and Kansas would figure prominently in the returns.

Notwithstanding the incompleteness of the figures of 1890 considerable information can be deducted therefrom which is of value and interest to-day. This applies more especially to the cost of water per acre, the consequent increase in value of the land and the market returns from this irrigated ground.

California headed the list in 1890 with 1 million acres under water. Col orado came next with 900,000. Montana had 350,000, Utah, Nevada and Idaho over 200,000 acres each and the others considerably less.

The total original cost of the dams, ditches and reservoirs necessary to irrigate this land is not given as it would be difficult to ascertain with any degree of accuracy. It may easily be estimated to have run into the millions, however, but put it at the most extravagant possible and still the reputed cost of water per acre is small. The cost to the owners of the 3,564,416 acres of land, for the first watering, was about \$8 per acre. The estimated value of the land before irrigation was possibly \$2,50 per acre. The sworn value of the land after this & expenditure was send Meeser elsewhere, for to be com-\$83 an acre. The products of the land without irrigation were practically nothing. With irrigation they averaged \$33 an acre annually, while in many deeper damnation than spike-tailed cases the land yielded a cash rental of devils and burning brimstone. I'd \$50 an acre to the owner who possessed

course only the land actually under bungry byens and rob graveyards in a the color of a rain." cultivation with water. Every irrigated lazar colony than an impudent preacher farm has nearly as much land made guilty of base ingratitude. I'd rather valuable and useful by the irrigated be a maggot in the carcass of a male portion. The first cost of the water is than a minister who damns his fellowestimated to have been \$8 an acre, but men for not seeing the plan of salvathe average annual cost for succeeding tion through his smoked sectarian miyears is only \$1 an acre, or a little croscope. I'd rather be an itch bacover 1 per cent of the cash value of the illus in a suppurating sore than a sancland. This low average cost is due to tified simma straddling about on his the figures from individual and mutual hind legs and flinging fifth at the corse ditches where the cost of operating is of the man who paid for the meat on divided pro rata among the farmers its bones. Yes, I have found the using the water. If all ditches were meanest man in America. His exisowned by companies and the water tence confutes the theory of the survirented or sold the average would be val of the fittest and suggest that manmuch higher, possibly \$3 an acre. The kind is merely a malader. His charachighest acreage cost is found in Cali- ter casts a shadow so the suc. He fornia and Utah owing to the number has circhosis of the soul. His heart of ditches from which water is taken is a green worm that feeds on gall. at a stated rental. The lowest is in His bowels of compassion are pe tri-Wyomilig where private and mutual fied. If his milk of human kindness ownership is more common.

farm in 1800' was sixty-seven acres, strabismus and carries his brains in his The large number of small fruit tracts belly. His odor of sanctity would give in California. Utah, New Mexico and a pole-cat convulsions. He perverts Colorado bring down this average, for the doctrine that "faith without works in Wyoming the average is 115 acres, his dead." To sit beneath the drippings where the farming is of a more exten- of his sanctuary were like getting into sive character. It is also worthy to a cataclysm of sheep dope, Massanote that while it costs the land-owner chusetts is welcome to Meeser. but \$8 an acre to put this water on the have one tree in Texas on which we land the first time, he values this have hanged 37 better men-and they water right at an average figure of are all in hell. about \$13 per acre when it comes to a purse rolled up in a postage stamp or

selling proposition. figure largely in the irrigation tables. by pleading that old Stephen Girard A movement is on which is already bringing great results. Watching for memory. A grateful people will pass ambition, it's to see that agent dead; to enter the law department of the rain in the western part of the state the name of this true nebleman of though I'm broken down and weary. Kansas University at Lawrence, and has given way to a study of the water nature from sire to son adown all the supply. The surface supply will first be utilized, then the storage possibilities and the rest underflow, which is a littleness and meanness of the world, peculiarity of that section of the its show and seeming, its baseness and country. Irrigation is no hap-hazard brutality, all dreams of man's high desmatter. It is a recognized science. faith in the Almighty fails; but we lift Given certain conditions and definite our eyes and lol a Christ or Guatama

streams, the average rainfall, the quality of the soil, the adaptibility of certain crops, the porosity of the soil, the duty of water, the rate of evaporation, the local consumption of products, the possibilities of export-these are all matters of concern to the prospective ditch builder. When he has acquired a more or less definite knowledge of these conditions either by origready to utilize his resources intelligently, successfully and in a highly profitable direction.

It will easily be recognized that from a conservative estimate of the increased value of land by irrigation an apparently enormous investment to secure water is perfectly justified. Land worth \$10 without water is beyond question worth \$20 with water. A hundred thousand acres thus improved would on this basis justify an expenditure of a million dollars, a sum far in excess of the amount needed in almost any locality to secure the needed water supply. The first cost disposed of a handsome and sure profit results every year in places where if any crop was made at all it was usually at a loss four years out of five. This is the irrigation age, and the census of 1900 will show that Kansas is well to the front of the procession,

#### A Justified Roast.

One Rev. Meeser, of Massachusetts, who, when a poor orphan boy, was taken by the managers of the Stephen Girard College for the education of orphan boys, and given a thorough education, is at present pastor of the First Baptist church of Worcester, Mass., and draws a salary of \$3,500 a year. When asked to contribute to a fund being raised to erect a monument to the memory of Stephen Girard, he declined, stating that "his views touching Girard and the religious side of his nature would not admit of his doing honor to the man," Brann's Inconoclast, published at Waco, Texas, very justly "roasts" the Rev. Meeser, the following being a part of the scathing rebuke administered: "If we may judge a tree by its fruit,

there is small danger that Stephen Girard missed salvation. If he be ins deed in hell, I pray the good Lord to pelled to associate through all eternity with a creature so contemptible were to add insult to injury and devise a rather be in hades with Girard than Lave to breathe the same atmosphere were churned the product would be The average size of the irrigated limburger cheese. He has moral We

"If Meeser carries his soul in his encased in a 2-grain capsule, he could In the census of 1900 Kansas should have saved both his credit and his cash eeds neither tablets of brass nor monuments of marble to perpetuate his shining centuries. Such men are heaven-sent, and their lives are stars of hope. When we contemplate the tiny vanish in sulphur-smoke, and even results can be obtained. The flow or shines radiant through the gloom."

#### OLD RUSTY WHITE,

He's Now "Out of Sight," But he Treated A Land Agent About Right.



ELL, he was a husky granger, and his name was Rusty White, and he had a farm near Esbon, if I've heard the story right; he had cattle by dozen, he had hogs some seven score, he had handsome

covered buggies, he had neighing nage galore; fortune smiled upon the gran ger; all his cows were giving milk, all his hens were laying daily, and his girls were wearing silk. All his meadows were productive, all his hills repaid his toil, and a blessing straight from Heaven seemed to rest upon his

Other people looked with envy on the things he had around, saying Better luck than Rusty's in this world cannot be found."

But an immigration agent hove apon the scene one day, and he sneered and hemmed and snickered in a quite sardonic way; not with wholesome admiration was the bilious agent fired, but he plainly intimated that Kansas made him tired, and he said that men were suckers who would stay in such a land, where the vales were made of gumbo and the hills were made of sand, where the drouth was always drouthy and the rain was hot and dry; where skies were never clouded, but were bot enough to fry. And he said he'd be jimdasted and kerflummexed if he knew why the grangers staid and suffered where the cycling cyclones blew. And he sang his song to Rusty every time he had a chance, and the latter listened wildly to the dervish song and dance; and he swallowed all the legends as the Briton swallows ale, 'till the comforts all about him and his very home seemed stale.

"Come," exclaimed the wily agent. to the southland, where the rain, like gentle benidiction, falls, refreshing all the plain; where the large and crimson apples hang alluring to the bough, where the corn and sweet potaoes never cease to thrive and grow; where the winter is like summer, void of frost and chilling blast, and the spring is still more charming when the winter time is past. Fortune waits you in the southland, wealth untold's at your command; come and gather in your treasures: leave this barsh and barren land, leave this country where the toiler does his weary task in vain;

Rosty sold his farm and cattle, sold his buggies and his bogs, sold his bens that laid so blithly, sold or gave away his dogs, and he started for the southland, there to start his life anew; there to gather in the treasures which were scattered like the dew.

Oh, the balmy, sunny southland is a place of swamps and lakes, where they breed two pound mosquitos and the smoothest sort of snakes, where they have the southern ague till they shake their molars loose, where the women are web-footed like the stately northern goose: where the mists and reeking vaporing hide from sight the morning sun, where the zephyrs breathe miasma from the morn till day is done. Where the farmers live in shanties that would cause a cow to blush; where the hills are fringed with timber and the meanest kind of brush; where the juicy crimson apples grow, as trathfully they tell, and fall rotting from the bran ches, as the farmers cannot sell; where the nags are thin and scrawny and the pork is always tough, where the men have no ambition, and the women live on snuff; where the faces are all yellow and the teeth are all decayed, and the men are old at twenty or in the graveyard laid; where the dark colored brother is as frequent as the chills; where the farmers live on credit and forget to pay their bills; where the rain is long and dreary, sloushing downward by the week, making lakes of every river, making ponds of every creek.

Poor old Rusty stood it bravely for a season, then be said: "I have but one though I'm broken down and weary, his trail."

he found him in Nebraska, where he a successful one.

broke the agent's back, caved his skull in with a boulder, grubbed his tongue out with a hoe, and beside a tall catalpa laid the lying scoundrel

Now the hero of our story rents the farm he used to own; every time he turns a furrow people hear him sigh and grean; every time he shucks a nubbin he bedews it with tears; and he'll doubtless sigh and sorrow as he works for many years; and his gun is always loaded with a charge to kill a bear; so we say to southern agents: Of Old Rusty White beware - Walt Mason.

### War Breaks Out.

There was "blood on the face of the noon" during the hot nights of last week, and one day there were traces of sanguinary claret on the faces of some of our good citizens, during an apparently uncivil trial of a civil case in Justice Jennison's office.

Attorney James W. Clarke was prosecuting a civil case against H. J. Webber and wife of Hoisington. Mrs. W. was on the witness stand and was being questioned very closely by Attorney Clarke as to the true inwardness of a transaction by which Webber had transfered his property to his wife, when Webber insisted upon answering for his better half.

Justice Jennison had warned Webber to let the lady answer the questions herself, and when the latter persisted in coaching the witness, Clarke insisted that his mouth be closed or that he be excluded from the room.

Thereupon hostilities commenced; var was declared, and Webber opened with a heavy glass paper weight, clipping Jim almost a knock-out blow on the head. The attorney countered with a loaded inkstand, which Webber dodged by dropping on all fours behind the court. Then the attorney advanced his forces by seizing a chair and slashing at his antagonist, who nimbly hopped about, and himself sought a like weapon. By the time the supply of chairs had given out and each combatant had been pretty well winded, onlookers called time and the battle ceased: the court grawled out from under the stannch table which had proven a welcome baven of refuge during the storm, and regretfully reviewed the blood and lak-bespattered walls, the broken furniture and the still pugnacious participants-more pognacions than still.

The case on trial was continued until the wind went down and the atmosphere became less impregnated with sanguinary war-clouds, and Mr. Web. This statement of acreage is of with his defamer. I'd rather be a leave this country where you never see ber will answer to a charge of assault and battery on the 12th inst.

## Carson-Fryberger.

From the Claysville, Pa., Recorder of July 2d, we glean the following notice of the marriage of a handsome and popular Great Bend, young lady, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Sarab Fryberger:

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. even. Ferguson, Taylorstown, Pa., at high noon, Wednesday, June 30, 1897, occurred the pleasant home wedging which united the lives of Mr. Albert S. Carson, of Rostraver, Westmoreland county, and Miss A. Myrtle Fryberger, of Great Bend, Kansas. The ceres mony was performed by Rev. Harry Hesbit, paster of the Westminister Presbyterian church, Burgettstown, assisted by Rev. R. B. Harsha, of the Taylorstown U. P. church, The ceremony was witnessed by only a few relatives and friends of the contracting parties. Of the former were Mrs. SarahFcyb erger of Great Bend, Kansas, mother of the bride, and her sister, Mrs. Ferguson. The other guests were Misses Mary Radoliff, Gertrade Wilson, Ella and Lizzie Stine, Taylors. town; Messrs. F. L. and F. C. Masson. Taylorstown, and John L. Melvin, Claysville. The groom is a son of a prominent Westmoreland county fam-By and will attend law school this fall. The couple left the same evening for the groom's home for a short stay after which they go east on a trip.

W. D. Wilkinson has severed his connection with the Ellinwood Advocate and will go to Oklahoma to take care of his wheat crop. This fall he is Kansas University at Lawrence, and though I'm suffering and pale, until after a two years courre will come I've run across him, I'll be camping on forth a full fledged lawyer expecting this field to yield larger returns than On his weary search he started, like did the editorial field. Barton county Evangeline of old, broken down and thus looses a worthy citizen and the sore and weary, but determined, stern and bold; all through Kansas and Dakota did he dog the agent's track. till him and trust that his future may be

tions for state officers in those states public.

FORTY cents a bushel for new standard.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of tures of the Fall Festival at Topeka greater than last year and the reserve this fall. Employes of the entire sys-

IF, BY some book or crook, we could swap a gob of Kansas' hot dry weather for a few slushers of Iowa's wetness we could greatly increase the corn output and decrease the elements of profanity that hover like a sulphur blue halo about the agriculturalists of both states.

for the family. But if there is even elected the state would be ruined forwhole responsibility was theirs.

THE Tribune does not like it because Wm. J. Bryan "wears silk night shirts." Just where the Tribune man got his information concerning the popular American's nocturnal garment he does not say. We are informed by a good free silver republican that President Bill wears a wool seeater for a night shirt to protect him from the cold chills that course up and down his back like an ice cream freezer on the rampage when he dreams about the possibilities of the fight of 1900.

Things are coming to a pretty pass when Kansas can't furnish her own babies. Last week a colony of children were brought to Great Bend, from an orphan's home in Illinois, and distributed among Barton county families.-La Crosse Clarion.

This little fling at the ability of our our surest and most valuable crops county for a number of years. Being might roil us somewhat, if it were not for the fact that our people gen; hope of improving her health, but erally know that the car load of infants referred to was distributed most' children, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. ly among Rush county farmers, who Wm. Hebrhoff, survive her. Funeral come to Great Bend whenever they services were conducted by Rev. G. want anything good and useful. La Bohnstengel, Evangelical minister. A Crosse is too small a town to be use. large number of sorrowing friends exful as a distributing station for babies

ANOTHER "wave of presperity'

heralded with a loud, voice by our re- two or three seconds pounding close publican friends, but it started, just upon his tail. However, the sporting the same—and Mark Hanna had a proclivities of our brother editor may hand in "pressing the button." By lead him into trouble. As he shot the first dash of this now all too fre- down Broadway the other evening bequent wave, on July 1st, 85,000 iron hind that promising Kankakee colt workers in Pittsburg, Pa., are en mark that he was "a little in doubt gulfed in a sea of treuble. They about recommending the appointment quit work on that date because they of a man who had taken to fast could not stand a 28 per cent reduc- horses." Wine and women may follow. tion of wages. "Reduction of wages!" and wine, women and fast horses are Great Jehosephat, and the calves got not congenial condiments with which out! Why, the success of the gold to mix federal business. standard forces last fall was to have DIED-July 4th, 1897, Robert resulted in an increase, and not a re- Richard, only son of William and duction, of wages of laboring men. Annie Pfister, aged one year, nine The next place the wave which was months and twenty-three days. The so much advertised last fall struck little one made a noble struggle for was the coal fields of Illinois, when life, but at last gave up, and now rests 20,000 miners were thrown out because they could not stand a starva- Rev. Schnacke at 9 a. m. on the 5th, tion cut in wages. One-hundred-and- from the family residence in the west five thousand workmen at one clip part of town. Mr. and Mrs. Pfister added to the terrible and trouble- desire to express their heart-felt breeding list of unemployed! Think thanks for the many kind acts of of it, you poor, misguided voters who friends and neighbors during the sickwere promised work and prosperity ness and death of their little son. under the gold-standard regime! With an average of five mouths for railroads in this part of Kausas each of these 105,000 laboring men are being filled with empty freight to feed from the products of their toil cars in which to transport wheat to this loss of employment by 105,000 men in one day means a very, very the railroads will be taxed to their rocky road for 525,000 more citizens uttermost. pets of plutocrapy! "Even the worm Great Bend last Friday.

A combination of the silver forces will turn," and too many of these of Iowa and Ohio, already brought "waves of returning prosperity" may about, guarantees success for the engulf our land in a bread riot that friends of Wm. J. Bryan in the elec- will shake the foundations of our re-

According to a tabulated statement issued March 10th by Bank Commiswheat, when the whole world's supply. sioner Breidenthal, the finances of of that commodity is short, is not condusive to a restoration of confidence in the hearties of the real dence in the beauties of the gold a better showing could be made anywhere. The following items com-pared with similar items last year the completion of the Santa Fe rail-way in Kansas will be one of the fear \$882,471. The deposits are \$426,080 exceeds that of last year by \$805,tem will participate in making the but 20 per cent, but the above reday a memorable one. Register.

This paragraph from the editorial columns of the Register is not only interesting because of its truthfulness (in which it is a refreshing variation from the usual tone of the Register's editorials), but because it shows results obtained through the success of the silver forces in Kansas directly THE proceeds of the dairy seem by opposite to what the Register last fall common consent to be regarded as told its readers would follow if the sacred to the family. A man's cred- state should pass into the control of itors look with eagle eyes at the re- any but republicans. Then the Regsult of his harvest, and, when they ister's readers were told that if the are satisfied often there is nothing left populist and democratic ticket was a small herd of cows, they will work ever. But the anti-republican ticket every day and night as though the won from top to bottom, and the Register is compelled to occasionally admit that our fair state has not been injured thereby. "An honest confession is good for the soul," and if Andy will take that last year's gold bug plate matter he is still using for filling and smash it across the imposing stone, and instead fill his space with some more facts concerning the good results that are following the overthrow of republicanism in Kansas, he may in time receive enough credit marks to balance off the errors of a long life of partyserving republicanism.

DIED-On June 28th, 1897, at her home in Manitou Springs, Colorado Mrs. Carolina Lampe, wife of Henry Lampe, aged 41 years 2 months and 4 days., The remains were brought to-Great Bend for interment July 1st. Mrs. Lampe was born in Dearborn county, Ind., April 24, 1856. She people to successfully produce one of lived with her husband in Barton a sufferer with consumption for many years, she removed to Colorado, in the without avail. Her husband, four tend deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

Bro. Townsley, of the Tribune, seems to have the inside track at has started from the east. It is not present in the post office race, with we heard one prominent republican re-

All the side tracks of the different market as soon as it begins to move. If the price for No. 2 opens at 50 cents

of this land of the free and home of H. J. Roetzel and daughter Halda, the goldbug! Be careful, ye pampered were doing business and visiting in